

Don't be Afraid

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Summary: A young girl is on her search for the Angel of Death

Don't be Afraid

Disclaimer: It's always the same: I don't own Andrew (I really wish I

>would). He belongs to Martha Williamson.<br>  
>A special Thank You to Leigh for Beta-Reading this story!! You are  
doing a<br>great job with this!!! :-))  
><br>I hope you like that short story. I think it's much to droooooool  
;-) And  
>don't worry, there will be a second part when Andrew comes back to  
Jennifer<br>:-)  
><br>Enjoy it,  
>Grit<br>  
>Don't Be Afraid<br>  
>Andrew had his first free day in the last six months . It was summer  
and he decided to go to the beach. He wished he could spend the day  
with Tess and Monica, but they had another assignment. <br>  
>It was almost lunchtime when Andrew saw a young woman sitting alone  
on the beach with her arms wrapped around her knees. He guessed that  
she was about 25 years old. She had short blond hair. He could see  
that she was deep in thought. It didn't look to him as if they were  
pleasant thoughts. She looked like someone who was sad. He was told  
that he should take the time to relax and enjoy the day, but he knew  
that he had to talk with that woman. He couldn't tell why, but he  
knew that he had to do this. <br>  
>"Hi. Is the place next to you free?" he asked with a cheerful smile  
when he paused at the woman's side. <br>  
>As she looked up, he could tell that she had been crying. "Sure."  
She didn't say anything else and looked back at the sea. <br>

>Andrew sat down and looked at the water, too. "I love the ocean. To  
watch the play of the waves is somehow reassuring." <br>  
>"Yeah," came the low answer. <br>  
>"By the way, I'm Andrew." <br>

>"I'm Jennifer," the woman answered with a thin smile. <br>  
>"Nice to meet you," he said with a smile. "Is everything okay? You don't look fine," Andrew asked with concern. He could tell that she hadn't eaten much the last few weeks and that there was something bothering her. <br>  
>"No, not really, but I don't want to burden you with my problems. I'm sure, you have your own problems." But deep inside of her, she wished that she could finally talk with someone. She didn't know this guy, but there was something special about him. He seemed like someone she could talk to about her problems. At least, he was the first one who asked her this in a long time. Most of her friends tried to avoid the topic. <br>  
>"It's alright, I can see that you need someone to talk with." <br>  
  
>"I don't even know you! Why should I talk to you?" <br>  
  
>"Sometimes, it's easier to talk to someone you don't know than to a friend or family member," he answered and put a hand on her shoulder. <br>  
>Jennifer sighed and nodded. "Maybe you are right." <br>  
>"I have an idea. I know a good restaurant, not far from here. What do you think about us there and getting something to eat and then you can tell me what's bothering you?" he suggested hopefully. <br>  
  
>"I'm sorry, but I don't have enough money ... " she started. <br>  
  
>But Andrew raised his hand. "Don't worry, I'll pay," he said as he helped her to stand up. <br>  
>The restaurant was an Italian restaurant. It wasn't big, but it was really lovely. Jennifer liked it at the very first moment when they went inside. After they both ordered their meal, she asked, "Do you eat here often?" <br>  
>"If I'm here in the area and have enough time between assignments, then I like to come here," he answered. <br>  
>"Your next assignment? What's your job? Are you an insurance agent?" she asked curiously. <br>  
>Andrew laughed, "No, I'm not a insurance agent. I escort people who are dying." Andrew looked into her eyes to see her reactions. <br>  
  
>"Wow, I never expected this!" She answered and tried to catch her breath. "You don't look like someone who has anything to do with death." <br>  
>Now it was Andrew who looked curious, "Why? How do you think I should look?" <br>  
>"I don't want to offend you. I only didn't expect this, because you look like someone who is full of joy and love of life..." <br>  
  
>"And you think I should be more ... sad and somber?" He suggested with a wink. <br>  
>Jennifer only nodded. <br>  
>Andrew smiled, "I have to deal every day with death, but believe me ... it's nothing to be sad about." <br>  
>"I wouldn't be so sure about that," Jennifer replied more to herself than to Andrew. <br>  
>Andrew didn't have to be an angel to be able to see that the topic hit a sore point "Why? What do \*YOU\* think about death?" <br>  
>"I'm not sure about that anymore." She took a sip of her cola and tried to get the next sentence out. It wasn't easy even after all the last months "I'm ... I'm dying." She closed her eyes. "I have a brain tumor and the doctors told me that I have a half year left," she

sighed. "This was 3 months ago." Tears appeared in her eyes. She could feel Andrew's hand rubbing her back. <br>

>"I'm really sorry to hear this." He knew that cancer was a hard way to die. <br>

>"For the first 3 months, I tried to ignore it. I tried my best not to think about it, but since I realized that I'm over the half-way point that the doctor told me I would have, I have gotten really scared. It's now the first thing that I think about when I wake up and it's the last thought before I fall asleep. Even in my dreams.... I have nightmares." It was strange. She didn't know Andrew, but he was the first person who \*REALLY\* seemed to understand how she was feeling. She could see it in his eyes. <br>

>Before Andrew could say anything, Jennifer added, "I started to search on the Internet for everything that has to do with death and dying. I hoped it would help to take away my fear." <br>

>"And? Did you find the help that you needed?" Andrew wanted know. <br>

>Jennifer shook her head. "No. I'm only more confused and afraid than before. Some people say that death is the end of everything. And some people say that it's only a start of new life. There are more theories than I could count. There are pages that say there is an Angel of Death who will come when someone dies. Well, there are even more theories about that angel than about death itself. And most of them are..." Jennifer searched for the right words. <br>

>Andrew didn't say anything until that moment, but the topic was something that hit close to home. "Let me guess! They say that this angel is ... dark, cruel, likes to see people die and looks dark and scary?!" He hated this image of the Angel of Death. It made his job harder. Many people were afraid of him when he appeared and it was always hard to take that fear away. <br>

>"Yeah, that hits it really close. But there was one page that said that the Angel of Death is a loving, compassionate and gentle angel who only tries to help you." <br>

>"What do you believe about that angel?" He asked. <br>

>"I don't know," she sighed. "I only know what I wish. I wish that there really is that other side and I wish that there really is such a compassionate, gentle angel. Maybe it be a little bit like you." <br>

>Andrew had to smile at her last comment. If she only knew how close she was! . "But I'm afraid that is only wishful thinking," Jennifer answered sadly. She started to cry, the first time she had allowed herself to cry in the presence of someone else. <br>

>Andrew looked at her with a compassionate smile and wished that he could tell her who he really was, but he knew that she wasn't ready yet and the restaurant wasn't the right place. So he took her in his arms and let her cry. After she calmed down, he paid the bill and they walked out of the restaurant to find a private place to talk. <br>

>When they walked back to the beach, Andrew asked, "Jennifer? Do you believe in God?" <br>

>Jennifer sat down, before she answered. "The first time that I started to pray was the evening when I got the news about the tumor." She looked into his eyes. "God was never a part of my family. He was never mentioned in any way. It was really strange that evening, to talk to someone who I always had thought didn't exist." She smiled, rather embarrassed to admit that. "Now I talk to Him every evening. It doesn't feel strange anymore, but I wouldn't say that my faith is very strong." She wrapped her arms around her knees. "I mean, 25 years of disbelief doesn't go away during 3 months. Even though I can see His influence in my life, there is still the thought that maybe

my family was right. Maybe He doesn't exist and there is nothing after death. No God, no angels, no other side... I think that this is the main reason why I'm so afraid of dying." Jennifer looked back at the sea. "This must sound crazy to you." <br>

>Andrew shook his head, "No, it doesn't sound crazy to me. You are right faith isn't something that comes over night. It isn't something that appears in your life and all your problems go away. Faith is something that has to grow, something that needs to be cultivated. It needs time to learn to trust Him. It's a long way and you have made a start." <br>

>"Yeah, but it was too late," she answered sadly. <br>

>"No!" He forced her with his hands to look in his eyes. "It's never too late! Yes, your faith isn't strong enough to help you through this at the moment, but you have still time to work on it. God loves you! If you ask Him, then He will help you with it." <br>

>Jennifer looked confused, she had never met someone who was so convinced about that concept. Andrew spoke as if he knew God personally. <br>

>As Andrew saw her expression, he added, "Yes, God really exists and He knows how you are feeling. He exists just as the other side exists and the Angel of Death exists." <br>

>"How do you know that for sure? I mean, is your best friend an Angel of Death?" She asked sarcastically. <br>

>Andrew smiled gently at her. "Some of my friends are Angels of Death, yes. But I also know it for sure, because I'm an Angel of Death, too." <br>

>He could see that fear, confusion, and panic appeared in her eyes. "Don't be afraid...", he added and tried to take her hand, but she was on her feet before he could do anything. <br>

>"NO! Stay away from me! You're crazy!" She yelled at him and started to run away. <br>

>"Jennifer, don't run away! We need to talk." Andrew didn't wear the jeans and the yellow T-Shirt anymore and he started glowing. He wore now his beige suite. <br>

>Jennifer stopped when she felt the light. It had started to get dark and so she could see that the area got brighter. <br>

>Andrew walked over to her when he saw that she stopped and stopped 2 meters behind her. "Jennifer, please ... look at me," he pleaded. <br>

>She gasped when she turned around and saw the light that surrounded him. He smiled at her and she could see all of his love and compassion in his eyes. She had never seen such love and compassion before. <br>

>"You ... you are really the Angel of Death, aren't you?!" She said with a voice full of fear. <br>

>"Yes, I am. Please, don't be afraid. I won't hurt you." <br>

>"But, the doctor told me that I still would have 3 months left..." New tears appeared. This couldn't be her time! She wasn't ready. Not yet! <br>

>"Shhh ... don't cry! I'm not here to take you home, yet. I'm here to help you!" Andrew tried to calm her down. <br>

>"You can't help me. I'm dying!" She sobbed. <br>

>"Yes, you are dying, but you are still alive!" Andrew replied. <br>

>"Yeah, sure! For the next three months. Three months!!!!" She answered angrily. <br>

>"You can't know that for sure! Nobody can know that, only God. I know the doctor told you that you would have only 6 months left, but it's only an estimate by a human being. This doesn't mean that you

will die after 6 months. There is always hope for you that you can have more than 6 months. Only God knows the appointed day. He loves you so much, Jennifer and He wants to help you. But you have to trust Him." He took a step closer to Jennifer so that he could put his hand on her head and stroke her hair. "Give all your pain, all your fear and all your questions over to Him. Let go of everything that leads you down and He will take it. It will bring you peace and healing. ... Not healing of your body, but healing of your soul and this is the only important thing, because your soul is the part of you that will live forever." <br>

>He hugged her when she started to cry harder. "It's okay, let it out ... let it out." Andrew never stopped stroking her hair. <br>

>Jennifer could feel the love, the love of God, when Andrew hugged her. It was the most beautiful feeling that she had ever experienced before. She could feel it deep in her heart and felt as if it would break down in thousand pieces, because the love was greater than she could imagine. She cried, but these weren't tears of fear or anger. They were tears of joy and relief. She knew now for sure that God existed and that He loved her so much that He had sent one of His angels to help her. <br>

>When Andrew released Jennifer from the hug, she looked up at him, "Do you know how long I still have?" <br>

>Andrew shook his head, "No, I don't know yet, but I know this: No matter WHEN, no matter WHERE ... I will be there when it happens." He smiled gently at her. "And when that day comes, I want you to face me and tell me 'I have enjoyed my life, especially the last months and I completed every unfinished task. I'm ready to discover a new country and a new life!' because that is what's death is ... a journey ... a journey to an undiscovered, beautiful country and to a new life." He smiled. <br>

>Jennifer knew with every single syllable that Andrew spoke that he meant what he said. The sound of his voice and the words that he spoke, took every fear of death and dying away that she felt for such a long time. <br>

>"And I will be the angel who will start that journey with you," he added. <br>

>It was the first time sin months that she didn't feel any fear, anger or panic. And now that those sad feelings slipped away, she felt how tired she was. All those weeks without enough sleep and food now demanded their price. She had to sit down on the beach. Andrew sat down at her side. He knew that she was tired. <br>

>It was dark now and it got colder. <br>

>"It's strange. I mean, everywhere I look, it's dark. You can't see anything, you can only hear the sea. It's spooky." Jennifer leaned against Andrew, because she didn't have the strength to sit by herself anymore. And the way home was too far for her at the moment. <br>

>"It's like life," Andrew told. "When you have a bad day, when you are sad or afraid, then everywhere looks dark and spooky. But, there is always a light in that darkness. On this beach, there are the moon and the stars that send you light ... and in life, there is God, who sends you the Light that you need. Keep your eyes on that Light, no matter how dark it seems." Andrew put his jacket around Jennifer when she felt asleep. <br>

>Jennifer slept in the arms of the Angel of Death. She felt safe and loved there. It was the first peaceful sleep without any nightmares in a long time. When she woke up, she looked around. It was still dark and cold, but Andrew watched over her. "How late is it?" She asked sleepily. <br>

>"It's almost 3 a.m." Andrew helped her to sit up. <br>  
>"Oh no! I'm sorry, Andrew, that I felt asleep," she excused herself.  
<br>  
>"Don't worry. It's okay, you needed the rest." <br>  
>"I think I should go home to my bed now," Jennifer suggested in an  
embarrassed tone. <br>  
>"I will take you there," Andrew offered and helped her to stand up.  
<br>  
>Fifteen minutes later: <br>Andrew and Jennifer arrived at her  
apartment. After she unlocked her door, she turned around to him,  
"Andrew, I thank you and God for this wonderful day. It wasn't easy  
but I needed this ... it's a gift for me," she said grateful. "I  
would love to count you among my friends," she said, rather  
embarrassed. Jennifer didn't have many friends, at least till now.  
  
><br>Andrew smiled. "I would be proud to be your friend. ... And I  
thank Him for this past day, too. I promise you that I will pray for  
you, I will pray that there will be many more months before we see  
each other again."  
><br>"Thank you. This means a lot to me. And I promise that I will  
use the time that I have left and will enjoy my life. I won't worry  
about death anymore, not since I met you Andrew. I know now that  
there is nothing to worry or to fear," Jennifer told him.  
  
><br>They hugged each other one last time before Andrew turned to  
leave for his first new assignment after his free day and Jennifer  
walked into her bedroom and fell asleep again, but this time in her  
own bed.  
><br>The End  
> <p><p>

End  
file.